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BIG WAR PREPARATIONS

Remey, With the Brooklyn, Ordered From Manila to Taku.

ARMY PLANS ARE KEPT SECRET.

Not Declared to Be of Great Magnitude—Four American Marines Killed at Tien-tsin—Commander of a British Warship Slain.

Washington, June 25.—The navy department has issued the following bulletin:

"A telegram from Admiral Kempff, dated (Chen, June 24, says:

"In ambuscade near Tien-tsin on the 21st of May, the command killed and seven wounded. Names will be furnished as soon as received. Force of 2,000 going to relieve Tien-tsin today."

Admiral Kempff's report of the killing of four men and wounding of seven in ambuscade caused the gravest concern among officials, but the chief fear was as to the outcome of the second attack, which the admiral reported began yesterday. This is little short of the dimensions of a battle, and its results may be decisive not only to the immediate force employed, but in determining the fate of the legations and foreign settlements at Tien-tsin and also whether the issue is or is not to be war with China.

Secretary Long said that the dispatch of Rear Admiral Remey to Taku was not due to disapproval of the course pursued by Rear Admiral Kempff.

"Admiral Kempff has acted entirely in accordance with the instructions sent him," the secretary stated, "and his course has been approved. The Philippines for the time being have lost their importance, and China is the place to which the government is giving special attention. Admiral Remey is the commander in chief of the station, and as Admiral Kempff has to report to him there is a great deal of circumlocution which can be avoided if Admiral Remey is on the ground. Admiral Kempff will



REAR ADMIRAL REMEY.

probably remain at Taku and act under the instructions of Admiral Remey."

Besides ordering the Brooklyn to Taku, Secretary Long asked the orders to the Monadnock, and she will remain at Manila. A member of the cabinet said in this connection that men and not ships were needed in China.

"We now have an ample naval force at Taku," he continued, "and what we must have there are men. It is useless to send vessels like the Monadnock to Taku. All they are good for is to batter down fortifications and fight other men-of-war, and there is no prospect of any such work at Taku."

Our Naval Force Near China.

This is how naval arrangements stand with reference to China:

At Taku or (Chen)—The Newark, Nashville, Monocacy and Yorktown.

Under orders to go to Taku—The Oregon, which left Hongkong yesterday, the Brooklyn, Iris, Alexander, Saturn, Hamul and Buffalo.

Ordered to be in readiness for service at Taku—Gambuts Princeton and Macriotti.

The gunboat Castine is at Shanghai and the Iola de Luzon at Canton.

The Oregon got away from Hongkong two days ahead of her expected start. She took on 104 sailors and marines brought to Hongkong by the Zafiro. The battleship may now have a chance to repeat her celebrated performance "around the Horn," as she is being crowded for a fast run to Taku, a distance of about 1,500 miles. If she makes her record time, she will be at Taku in six days, about the same time that the Brooklyn will arrive from Manila. The order to Admiral Remey to consult with General MacArthur in regard to taking troops on his flagship is a plain index to the seriousness of the situation. The troops are believed to be ready to move, but some delay may be caused in getting on board sufficient supplies for a large body of men for a week.

The war department is preparing for any contingency that may arise out of the Chinese situation. As stated by a high officer of the navy, the preparations are of a magnitude which would surprise the public if they were known. All that officials will say is that both the army and the navy, if the occasion arises, will give a good account of themselves.

TO SAVE TIEN-TSIN.

Four Thousand Men Have Been Sent From Taku.

London, June 25.—The position of the international forces in northern China, where 10,000 men are striving to save the foreigners in Tien-tsin and Peking, seems to grow in peril with every bit of news. A dispatch from Shanghai, dated yesterday, says:

"Official Japanese telegrams confirm the reports of a defeat of the allied forces at Tien-tsin. The foreigners there are now in a most desperate condition."

"The Russian admiral, Hildebrandt, yesterday sent a naval force of 4,000 from Taku to attempt the relief of Tien-tsin. Nearly half of the force consisted of Japanese. The remainder was made up of contingents representing the other nations."

"The guns of the Chinese around Tien-tsin are superior to anything the defending European force has or is likely to have for some time."

"The bombardment of Tien-tsin con-

tinued Friday. Bomb shelters were hastily erected by the foreign troops, largely constructed of wetted piece goods. The food supply is insufficient, and the continued shelling is reported to be telling terribly.

"Among those killed of the relief force Friday was the commander of H. M. S. Barleur. The foreign casualties were 300."

"Japan is making every effort. Her troops are now arriving at Taku in large numbers. The Chinese troops in the province of Chih, including 20,000 auxiliaries who have been drilled by Russian and German officers."

A St. Petersburg dispatch says that the new Russian cruiser Varigauze will go direct from Philadelphia to Port Arthur.

Ministers Reported Safe.

New York, June 25.—The Journal prints a dispatch from Tien-tsin which says a messenger has arrived there from Peking with news that the legations in the capital are safe and ministers are uninjured.

Seymour Reported in Peking.

Shanghai, June 25.—The governor of Shanghai province reports that Admiral Seymour, with the international force, has arrived safely in Peking.

KILLED BY A MANIAC.

Wholesale Murder in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 25.—Charles Mefford, a maniac, yesterday morning killed James Fitzsimmons, fatally injured Joseph Drake, seriously and possibly fatally injured Mrs. James Fitzsimmons and then ended his own life. Mefford was 27 years old and had been insane for a number of years. Two years ago he was in the Independence asylum for a short time, but escaped and was never returned. He was not generally considered dangerous.

Saturday night about 10 o'clock, while clad in nothing but a shirt, he darted out of his home a raving maniac. He was seen two or three times between then and midnight, but the police failed to find him.

Shortly before 3 a. m. Reginald Andrews, the janitor at the Old Ladies' home, was awakened by the crashing of glass. The next moment Mefford stepped before him, stark naked, swinging a neck yoke.

"Your time has come!" shouted Mefford.

"What time do you mean?" asked Andrews, with remarkable coolness.

"I have murdered one whole family to-night, and I am going to kill you and everybody in the home," replied Mefford. Mefford swung the neck yoke and tried to brain Andrews. The latter dodged and grabbed the weapon, threw Mefford on the bed and choked him until he begged for mercy. Then Andrews agreed to give him a bath, a suit of clothes and some breakfast, which apparently satisfied him. Rushing through the house, Andrews locked the 12 or 14 old ladies in their rooms, notified the police by telephone and then ran across the street to the home of Joseph Drake for assistance. Drake dressed, picked up a revolver and started out.

As they did so Mefford, carrying an ax, was seen to plunge through a window in the home of James Fitzsimmons, about 150 yards away. As he entered the room Mrs. Fitzsimmons uttered a scream. Mefford swung the ax and brought it down toward her head. Her uplifted arm saved her life. The arm was broken in two places, and she sustained a serious scalp wound.

Mr. Fitzsimmons, hearing the screams, dashed into the room and grappled with the maniac. Mefford shook him off and sent the ax crashing into his skull, splitting his head wide open. Then, dashing up stairs, Mefford attacked Miss Kate Fitzsimmons, inflicting a number of severe scalp wounds.

When he came down stairs, Drake had just entered the house. Drake dropped his ax and tried to shoot. There were four empty chambers, and each time the hammer came down on one of them. Then Mefford struck him on the head with the ax. A second and third blow followed, and Drake fell over. Andrews escaped the maniac again.

Mefford took Drake's revolver and ran out of the house. After running several blocks he put a bullet into his left breast just below the heart. Running on two or three blocks farther, he sat down on the curbstone. Placing the revolver to the center of his forehead, he fired again. He continued to wave the revolver above his head, but just as the first officer grabbed the revolver from behind Mefford fell over into the gutter dead.

Murder and Attempted Murder.

New York, June 25.—A quarrel of 17 years' standing culminated last night in the murder of Francis Striano, an Italian of Brooklyn, by Louis Castape, his next door neighbor. The two had fought over a girl in Italy in 1883, and when they came to this country they nursed the old grudge. They met last night and began shooting. Striano was instantly killed. David Louis, a bartender, was fatally stabbed in a row with two Italian men and an Italian woman. Louis threw the three out of the saloon, and when he went out on the street a moment later they attacked him, one of them stabbing him four times. He pulled his revolver and shot at the three. The men were slightly hurt, and the woman was taken to the hospital. Louis was also taken to the hospital, and it is said that he has but a slight chance of recovery.

Quiet Sunday in St. Louis.

St. Louis, June 25.—Cars were run on all the branches of the Transit company's system yesterday without molestation, and thousands of persons took to and from the parks and other pleasure resorts. Many of the strikers went to Belleville, Ill., and attended a picnic given for their benefit there. This week will see the force of deputy sheriffs on duty reduced to 500 men, who will be kept on guard wherever the necessity exists for their presence. Many of the posse will be discharged tonight, but the names of 1,000 men 500 in addition to those retained for active duty will be kept on the rolls for an emergency.

Drive Stage Forty-eight Years.

Greenwich, Conn., June 25.—Silas Derby, one of the best known men throughout this section of the state, has died at his home in Bankville, N. Y., after a brief illness. Mr. Derby conducted a stage route between Bankville and Greenwich for 48 years and never missed a trip except during the blizzard of 1888. He also enjoyed the distinction of being the only man who had a life pass over the Consolidated railroad. He is survived by a widow.

NEARLY FORTY KILLED.

Terrible Railroad Accident in Georgia.

ALL WERE BURNED TO DEATH.

Wrecked Train Catches Fire—Ran Into a Washout—Windows Closed on Account of Rain—Passengers Could Not Get Out.

Atlanta, June 25.—A passenger train on the Macon branch of the Southern railway ran into a washout a mile and a half north of McDonough, Ga., and was completely wrecked. The wreck caught fire, and the entire train with the exception of the sleeper was destroyed. Every person on the train except the occupants of the Pullman car perished. Not a member of the train crew escaped. Thirty-five people in all were killed.

Camps creek, which runs into the Ocmulgee, was over its banks, and its waters had spread to all the lowlands through which it runs. About a mile and a half north of McDonough the creek comes somewhat near the Southern's tracks and, running alongside it for some distance, finally passes away under the road by a heavy stone culvert. A cloudburst broke over that section of the country about 6 o'clock in the evening, and presumably shortly after dark washed out a section of track nearly 100 feet in length. Into this the swiftly moving train plunged. The storm was still raging, and all the car windows were closed. The train, consisting of a baggage car, second class coach, first class coach and a Pullman sleeper, was knocked into kindling wood by the fall. The wreck caught fire a few minutes after the fall, and all the coaches were burned except the Pullman car.

Every person on the train except the occupants of the Pullman car perished in the disaster.

Escape Impossible.

There was no escape, as the heavy Pullman car weighed down the others, and the few alive in the sleeper were unable to render assistance to their fellow passengers.

For a brief time there was silence. Then the occupants of the Pullman car recovered from the bewilderment and after hard work managed to get out of their car and found themselves on the track in the pouring rain. The extent of the catastrophe was quickly apparent. Flames were already seen coming from that part of the wreckage not covered by the water. As the wreck began to go to pieces under the destructive work of both flames and flood human bodies floated out from the mass and were carried down stream by the swift current. The storm did not abate in fury. Flashes of lightning added to the steady glow of the burning train and lit up the scene with fearful distinctness.

Flagman Quinlan, who was one of the first to get out, at once started for the nearest telegraph station. Making his way as rapidly as possible in the face of the boiling storm, he stumbled into the telegraph office at McDonough and fell fainting to the floor. Word was quickly sent to both Atlanta and Macon, but no assistance was to be had except in the latter city, as the interrupted track prevented the arrival of any train from Macon.

Nearly the entire male population of McDonough went to the scene to render assistance, but little could be done by the rescuers, as the fire kept them at a distance. At daylight the bodies that had floated from the gorge were gathered up. One body was found a mile from the wreck, and many were seen along its banks.

Superintendent's Statement.

Superintendent A. Gordon Jones of the Southern railway said of the deplorable affair:

"It can only be explained as one of the inevitable acts of God. It seems that it was the result of a terrible rain-storm or cloudburst something similar to which caused the Johnstown flood. The accident occurred at a deep, narrow creek which had become so suddenly and so completely filled that the volume of water carried such weight as to wash out the masonry of stone and brick from under the trestle which spanned the stream. Mr. Griffith, supervisor of tracks, was on the engine of the wrecked train, and if there had been a break in the track he or the engineer or fireman would have seen it. The masonry supporting the track must have been washed out, leaving the track itself intact, so that the men, being unconscious of anything amiss, allowed the train to rush in on the unsupported track, which resulted in the fatal crash."

Flagman Quinlan, in compliance with the requirements of his position, was on the rear car of the train. As soon as he could extricate himself from the wreck he crawled up the embankment and in spite of his injuries walked back to McDonough, the nearest station, and announced the accident which had happened. It is due to Mr. Quinlan to say that he acted with great promptness and heroism in spite of grave obstacles. Fortunately a freight train was standing on the track at McDonough, and it was immediately pressed into service, so that within 15 minutes after the railroad company was notified of the accident assistance was at hand, and everything possible was done for the relief of those who were still alive."

Naval Movements.

Newport, R. I., June 25.—The submarine boat Holland, in tow of the tug Oceola, has arrived from the Brooklyn navy yard. The battleship Kentucky left this morning with the speed boat for a two days' trial at sea. The vessel will proceed to the Brooklyn navy yard after the trial is docked and have her after-bridge moved farther forward. Later she will join the north Atlantic squadron here.

Light Sentence For Roberts.

Salt Lake City, June 25.—In the case of B. H. Roberts, found guilty of unlawful cohabitation, the judgment of the court was that he pay a fine of \$150 or in lieu thereof that he be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of 150 days. A 20 days' stay was granted in order that the defendant might file a bill of exception.

Cuban Teachers Start For Boston.

Santiago, Cuba, June 25.—The transport McPherson left Santiago yesterday carrying 125 Cuban teachers bound for Boston to take advantage of the summer school educational facilities offered by Harvard university. Nearly all of the teachers are young women.

CROKER AT HOME.

Spends Sunday at the Club—Starts a Murphy Boom.

New York, June 25.—Sunday was a busy day at the Democratic club, where Richard Croker, just back from Europe, held high court, receiving his lieutenants within the Tammany organization, accepting their reports and giving his orders. At a late hour last night Mr. Croker refused to explain his intentions regarding the reorganization of the executive end of Tammany Hall, but he admitted that he had found affairs in a worse tangle even than he had been given to understand existed before he left the other side.

Mr. Croker was asked, "Who will be nominated for the vice presidency?"

"That is another question which I must decline to discuss," he said. "The



RICHARD CROKER.

convention will attend to that matter and will name a man who will be satisfactory to all of us."

"Hill's name has been mentioned. What do you think of him, Mr. Croker?"

"I know nothing about it."

"Senator Murphy's name has also been suggested."

"He is a very good man," said Mr. Croker, shaking his head to give his remark emphasis. He then turned and walked two or three paces away from the group. Then, pausing, he said again, with emphasis, "Senator Murphy is a good man."

Immediately a Murphy boom was started in the Democratic club, and before midnight all other booms had faded away.

Fire Attributed to Missionaries.

Yuma, Peru, via Galveston, June 25.—The ignorant peasantry of the province of Huancayo and other parts of the interior are greatly excited over the recent destruction by fire, evidently of incendiary origin, of the celebrated convent of Ocapa. This fire and another they attribute to the efforts and propaganda of the American missionaries in that section. It was thought that the presence of Dr. Wood, the chief missionary, would be necessary, but a large and representative meeting held in the town of Huancayo protested against the absurdity of attributing the destruction of the convent to missionaries and adopted a resolution to request the prefect not to send to Junta Dr. Wood's pupil, Angel Chavez, as his life would be endangered and as his presence might cause others to fall victims to the popular excitement.

Three Drowned in the Hudson.

New York, June 25.—Harry P. Bissell and Clifford Longbottom, prominent young men of Yonkers, were spilled from a canoe and drowned in nine feet of water in the Hudson, close to the Jersey shore, opposite Yonkers. Bissell was 38 years old and Longbottom 25. Both were unmarried. They were intimate friends and bookkeepers in the Citizens' National bank in Yonkers. They went out for a sail, and Longbottom stood up to remove his jersey, capsizing the canoe. Longbottom could not swim, and Bissell sacrificed his life in a brave attempt to save him. Their bodies were not recovered. Henry Billiam, 25 years of age, was drowned in the Hudson. He and two companions were out rowing and in exchanging seats capsized the boat. His body has not been recovered.

Rival Suitors Kill Sweetheart.

Bedford, Ind., June 25.—Albert Roberts and Oscar Jones have been rival suitors of Miss Jennie Russell. While Roberts and Miss Russell were out driving they met Jones, and a pistol duel between the two men followed. Miss Russell leaped from the buggy and rushed between them, but they continued shooting, and the girl was fatally wounded from one of Roberts' shots. It is alleged, Roberts grabbed the girl in one arm as she fell and continued firing with the other. Miss Russell died in a few hours at her home, Roberts remaining at her bedside even after death. It is now all most insane. Jones escaped, and warrants are out for his arrest. All the persons concerned are prominently connected.

Cyclone in No Man's Land.

Cathie, O. T., June 25.—A cyclone passed over Beaver county, formerly known as No Man's Land, last night. Henry Barwell, Steve Bird and Abe Weightsman were killed, and William Hamburger and Paul Rhodes were fatally injured. The storm swept the country for 50 miles. Thousands of cattle were stampeded and many killed and injured. Several houses were destroyed. The home of George Nebb, a ranchman, was carried 200 yards, and several ranchers who had taken refuge in the house were injured.

Fighting the Yaquis.

Ortiz, Mexico, June 25.—General Torres has divided his forces into two parts and proposes to march against a new stronghold of the Yaquis located about 50 miles north of Torin. An army of 2,500 men is on the east side of the Yaqui river, and the other army, numbering about 3,000 men, is on the west side. The Indians have become aggressive again.

In Memory of Miss Willard.

Edinburgh, June 25.—The World's Woman's Christian Temperance union proceedings included an impressive memorial service in honor of the late Miss Frances Willard, the former president of the American Woman's Christian Temperance union.

And He Could Have Carried Her.

"I shall never speak to him again," she declared vehemently. "Why not?" her chum asked. "When we were at that concert the other night I told him if he didn't take me out to the crowd I would faint, and he would have to carry me away."

"Yes?"

"Well, you'd have thought his life depended on getting me out of there in a hurry!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

WRECK IN WISCONSIN.

Eight Killed and Thirty-five Injured in Railway Collision.

Green Bay, Wis., June 25.—A north bound passenger train on the Chicago and Northwestern road loaded with excursionists bound for the seacoast in this city collided at 10:15 o'clock yesterday morning with a freight train at Deper, five miles south of here. Eight persons were killed, one is missing, and 35 were injured. The accident happened just as the passenger train was pulling into the station. A double header freight was backing into a side track to let the passenger by, but had not cleared the main track.

Of the injured about 30 are in a serious condition, and several may not recover. The excursion train was made up at Fond du Lac and was packed with people from that city, Oshkosh and Neenah. The first two coaches were a combination baggage and passenger and smoker and were almost entirely filled with Fond du Lac people. The freight, an especially long one, made up at Green Bay, was ordered to side track at Deper Station. Enough of the train to fill the passing track had been cut off, and the remainder had just started to back up on the side track back of the station. A curve in the main track cut off the view of the oncoming passenger. Suddenly it came into view, running at nearly full speed. It was flagged, but many of the trainmen say that the airbrakes did not work properly.

The two trains crashed together. The first two coaches of the passenger train were telescoped and demolished, few of the passengers escaping injury. Some were killed outright, others were terribly mangled, and legs and arms of some were broken. Others were badly crushed and maimed—all hemmed in among the debris of the wrecked cars. The other cars were not dislodged from the track and remained uninjured.

Towne Expected to Be Nominated.

Duluth, June 25.—Charles A. Towne takes exception to the inference drawn in a dispatch from Austin yesterday that he would withdraw from the vice presidential race if not nominated at Kansas City. He says, however, that he fully expects to receive the nomination. The dispatch referred to quoted an extract from a letter written by Mr. Towne to Major Walton of Austin, in which he said, "My friends know that no personal consideration would influence me to stand in the way of success of the party for which we are contending." Mr. Towne said last night that there was nothing in the letter upon which an intimation of his course as to the vice presidency could be based. "You may say, however," continued Mr. Towne, "that I expect to be nominated for vice president at the Kansas City convention, and I have more support at present for the nomination than any other man."

MacArthur's Answer to Filipinos.

Manila, June 25.—General MacArthur has given a formal answer to the Filipino leaders who last Thursday submitted to him peace proposals that had been approved earlier in the day by a meeting of representative insurgents. In his reply he assured them that all personal rights under the United States constitution excepting trial by jury and the right to bear arms would be guaranteed them. The promoters of the peace movement are now engaged in reconstructing the draft of seven clauses submitted to General MacArthur in such a way as to render it acceptable to both sides. The seventh clause, providing for the expulsion of the friars, General MacArthur rejected on the ground that the settlement of this question rests with the commission headed by Judge Taft.

Little May Succeed Quigg.

New York, June 25.—The Press says that Luther B. Little is Senator Platt's new candidate for president of the county committee to supersede Lemuel E. Quigg. Senator Platt said yesterday he had been considering Mr. Little's name all day, that he would talk with Chairman Odell about him when the state chairman returns to headquarters today and that the opinion of the county leaders also would be sought. Senator Platt has arranged to have the district leaders of the county meet him tonight and give their views concerning the county chairmanship. Mr. Little formerly was a newspaper man.

Burned to Death.

Philadelphia, June 25.—Harry Miller, a member of the firm of Davis & Miller, manufacturers of combs, was burned to death yesterday in the firm's factory at 821 Cherry street. Miller was working with some chemicals in a room when an explosion resulted. The apartment was a mass of flames almost instantly, and before Miller could escape from the place he was burned to death. The financial loss will amount to several thousand dollars.

Another Note to the Sultan.

Constantinople, June 25.—Lloyd C. Griscom, United States charge d'affaires, has presented a fresh note to the Ottoman government insisting upon an immediate reply to the demand of the United States for a settlement of the indemnity in connection with the losses of Americans at the time of the Armenian massacres. Although vigorously phrased, the note is not an ultimatum.

Fatal Mine Explosion.

Champion, Mich., June 25.—Four men lost their lives in the Champion mine explosion Saturday evening. It was previously reported that but one life was lost. Of five men at the bottom of the shaft but one escaped by climbing the air hose to pure air. Gases and smoke asphyxiated the victims. The cause of the explosion was probably the sparks from a miner's pipe.

Rev. C. M. Sheldon in Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, June 25.—Many of the pulpits of the city churches were filled yesterday by American delegates to the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union. Rev. Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka was the principal speaker at the afternoon meeting of the congress, and he delivered a formal address at the mass meeting in the evening, when Mrs. Barnes presided.

Tin Plate Works Resume.

Joliet, Ill., June 25.—The Great Western Tin Plate works here resumed work today after a short period of idleness caused by trouble with the employees. Matters have been adjusted, and 225 men returned to work. The scale runs out July 1 and mills will probably close for a short time pending the signing of a new scale.

Weather Forecast.

Local rains; brisk southerly winds.

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A FINNY TIDAL WAVE

AN ALEWIFE RUSH AS SEEN ON THE DAMARISCOTTA RIVER.

A Sweeping, Leaping, Fishing Mass of Fish That Annually Try to Crowd Up a Little Stream Only a Few Rods Across.

No one has ever discovered just why all the alewives on the New England coast assemble and force themselves up the Damariscotta river to spawn. But so they do and so have done for years and years and years. There are other streams and rivers along the coast that offer as good advantages to the fishy visitors, but the alewives have a regular spring engagement in the Damariscotta river.

When one considers that all the spawning alewives along the 300 miles of coast come to Damariscotta and try to crowd up a little river only a few rods across, the scenes that occur here are more readily understood and more easily believed by those who have never seen such a marvelous sight.

"An alewife rush" is the most interesting event in the Damariscotta during the season. All at once down the river the calm surface commences to be broken by little glimmers of silver in the sunshine, little stirrings of the water and quivers, as though something of broad extent were moving below. Then, with startling suddenness, a queer sort of tidal wave seems to form. It moves rapidly up stream, extending from bank to bank. The water rolls for high. And it is a wave of fish—alewives! It comes sweeping on, one fish leaping over another and falling, only to leap again.

And thus, flashing and splashing and leaping till the surface is a foam and the air is full of the queer, rushing noise, the fish come till they break at the foot of the falls. During these rushes, which happen frequently during the day, alewives are leaping, flapping and floundering, out on the banks of the river and may be picked up and put in baskets.

The laws of Maine permit the capture of these alewives under somewhat peculiar provisions. From the pond above the village the river descends by successive leaps the face of a rather steep hill. There are two branches of the stream flowing down the bluff. The law provides that all the alewives which turn to the right at the foot of the falls and ascend the right hand stream, shall be allowed to pursue their way undisturbed. They are permitted to hop from pool to pool, flop out on the bank and then flop back again and thus make their difficult way to the lake. The journey up the side of the cliff occupies a hearty and active alewife at least two days, and his must be pretty weary when he gets there.

The fish that select the left hand stream, which is wider and more easy of ascent, are caught in a weir, or, rather, a lock. Not one escapes. At certain intervals as soon as the lock is full the water is drained off and men with great dip nets ladle the struggling fishes into a sluice that slopes to a packing house. A thin stream of water is running down the sluice and the fish are borne away. As they come out of the end of the sluice there stand two men with barrels. As soon as one barrel is full another is substituted at the end of the runway. During the season thousands of barrels are secured.

Practically all the fish are pickled in strong brine. Few of them are sold in this form in the United States. The Damariscotta packers say that nine-tenths of the fish they catch are shipped direct to the West Indies and are readily sold there to the natives. The call is for plenty of salt and fat fish. Both are provided. The alewives that run up the river are in fine condition, fat as butter, and the females are full of roe that makes good eating in itself.

The packers to whom the towns of Damariscotta and Newcastle sell out the entire right of fishing dispose of some of the alewives to parties who smoke them, and for a time all New England eats freshly smoked alewives, or herring, as these fish are sometimes mistakenly called. The red herring is "another sort of bird" from the big, fat alewife. All the profit resulting from the sale of the fish to the packers goes to the citizens of the two towns that have been mentioned. The sum realized is so considerable that taxes in the municipalities are very low.

By an ancient provision every widow in the towns is allowed to come to the side of the stream and receive 100 pounds of fresh fish from the hands of the selectmen, who are on duty during the whole of the season. Persons of a certain age are also entitled to their quota of fish.

Each night armed guards patrol the banks of the stream, especially the right hand stream, where the fish that are allowed to pass are struggling bravely. Poachers have in the past been able to capture hundreds of pounds out of the pools in a few hours. In the old days it used to be a favorite but risky practice to descend on the Damariscotta fish pools by night and catch the fish. The fish to be caught are in the lake, traveling in belts many feet across. Sometimes a person sitting on the shore of the lake will see this procession of little shavers passing in apparently interminable parade hour after hour.—New York Tribune.

Imaginative Kate.
Katharine, 6 years old, is very imaginative and frequently tells stories that her mother has to investigate. One day she overheard her telling, with a serious face, that "when mamma was a little girl she once saw her making mud cakes, and when she got her nice clean dress all dirty her mamma called her in and spanked her."
"Why, Katharine," said her mother, "don't you know, dear, you couldn't see mamma when she was a little girl? That was a long time ago."
"Yes, I did, mamma. That's when I lived with God, and I just looked over the fence and watched you, and God said, 'Katharine, that naughty little girl is going to be your mamma some day.'"
—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Watch out that your popularity is not due to the fact that you tell a piece of gossip surprisingly well.—Acheson Globe.

Realization is anticipation with the edge taken off.—New York Sun.

MUSTARD AND VINEGAR.

Have Been Known From Earliest Days and Never Lost Favor.

Both as a condiment and as a medicine mustard has been known from very early days. It was also used by the Saxons mixed with honey and vinegar, after which it was simply pounded in a mortar and passed through a sieve. In the reign of George I a woman of Durham hit on the idea of grinding the seed in a mill and sifting the flour from the husk, and this method is still employed.

Two varieties of mustard are the black and the white. The black is a tall annual, with bright yellow flowers, followed by seed pods a half inch long containing reddish seeds, and is supposed to be the same mentioned in the Bible as the tree which grew from "a grain of mustard seed." The white grows in the Holy Land to the height of 15 feet. The seed pod of the white variety is much larger than that of the black, and the seeds are larger and of a bright yellow color. This is the variety used in the salad known as mustard and cress.

In the modern system of mustard making the two varieties are mixed together, the black containing volatile oil, sulphur and nitrogen, which supplies the pungent flavor, the white adding the acid taste. This pungent oil is not developed till the mustard is moistened by the addition of water, which sets up a kind of fermentation. It should be remembered that boiling water does not have this effect, so that cold or lukewarm water should be used. Cheaper mustards contain larger quantities of the white seed and less of the black. The flavor is less sharp and bitter than the pure mustard, but it keeps much better.

Vinegar is a diluted form of acetic acid and has been known from the earliest period. Wine vinegar is made from wine lees and inferior wines, principally in France, the finest being obtained from white wines. Made vinegar is procured from an infusion of malt which has previously undergone fermentation or from apple cider. Vinegar in the form of lotions is a valuable external stimulant.—Chicago News.

MAGICIAN'S TRICK REVEALED.

How a Case May Be Made to Stand Alone Without Any Support.

The widow of Herrmann, the celebrated sleight of hand performer, revealed the modus operandi of the famous case which was discussed "Magic as a Home Amusement" in The Woman's Home Companion. "The feat of compelling a walking stick or umbrella to stand upright in the middle of a parlor without being supported by anything or anybody always seems wonderful. It is best when about to perform this feat to have a black screen for a background and to order the stick or umbrella to stand alone about a foot in front of the screen. In the audience that there is no person or apparatus behind this screen to secretly help the stick to stand when commanded the performer can take the screen away for a few minutes until all are satisfied that there is no hidden apparatus there. Pass the cane around among the audience to let them see that there is no pin in the cane, for the stick is an ordinary cane, absolutely without life." When the screen is again in place, the stick can be hypnotized by a few mysterious mumblings, which will be certain to keep the audience guessing to the wrong direction. Then the stick will stand alone for as long as the performer may desire.

"The secret of hypnotizing is so simple that the audience will never suspect it. It is to place the stick on a chair, and to throw from the top of one of the front legs of an ordinary chair to the top of the thread fall to the ground until ready for the 'hypnotizing.' Carelessly place the stick within the 'bag' of the thread, planting the stick upright six inches from the chair, making it appear that it is only by the magic of the hypnotist that the stick selects this particular spot. Now take your hands away, and, of course, the stick will stand where you place it. The supporting thread will not be seen on account of the dark background. This and many other feats any amateur can perform after a little practice."

Character.
A growing tree is not thinking of the shadow it will cast. It is growing to be a tree, and the shadow is the timber of its being. The shadow grows in consequence. And it is so with an honest, good life. The inspiration of it is not the desire for others' applause or the growth of personal influence, but the wish to do the duty of the day because it is duty. It is not by mere brains that good, enduring influence is secured. Character, which inspires confidence, wins respect and by very laws of life tells on others this is the force which a good man directs. But self conceit, personal vanity and overconfidence in oneself are not consistent with this character. Let there be unaffected modesty behind obvious power, and respect is won, and respect implies influence of the best kind.—Weekly Bonquet.

Study German.

German should be the first foreign language studied in our schools, says Wilhelm Cramton Lawton in the Atlantic. The tenth year is quite late enough to begin it. In four or five years it could be really mastered as a working tool. Nor should the best literature be long postponed. The supreme masterpieces, indeed, Faust, Wallenstein, Nathan, are all suited for children. Most of "Wilhelm Tell" or "Herrmann and Dorothea" could be read in grammar schools. But perhaps the greatest wealth of the German speech is in ballad and lyric. The vocabulary of this literature also is very close to the hearty, homely Saxon English of our own homes and hearths. Scores, if not hundreds, of such lyrics as Uhland's should be stored in the memory of every child of 14 or 15.

Symbol of the Sunflower.

Speaking of yellow, the sunflower, in flower language, is symbolical of false riches and of the following reasons: The Spaniards, who they invaded Florida, held gold on every hand, and when they saw the country covered with golden colored flowers they imagined they, too, must be pure gold—not the only case where appearances have been deceitful. But by a perverse contradiction of this story the Spaniards themselves adopt the flower as a symbol of faith, and one of their poets says, "Real faith is like the sun's fair flowers, which, amidst the clouds that shroud it and the winds that waver it to and fro, and all the change of air and earth and sky doth rear its head and looketh up, still steadfast, to its God." So if you want to grow sunflowers you can take your choice of meanings.—Doctor Trueman.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

Suppose for every set of love and duty an angel in the path of life should lay.

A lovely rest of sweet perfume and beauty—Ah, even then how bare would be the way! Suppose for every kindly word unspoken, For every fault that careless hands had done, For every resolution made and broken, A thorn beneath our erring feet had grown—Ah, then the way would be one stretch of anguish, With only here and there a flower to cheer; Our feet would falter and our spirits languish, And life would be a burden hard to bear.

But seldom are we outwardly rewarded According to the deeds which we have done; "The pure in heart" are by the world discarded, The wicked harvest where the good have sown.

And yet to every heart in darkness hidden There comes an angel, whom we cannot see, Who strives to keep us from the paths forbidden, And in the narrow way where faith may lie.

His name is Conscience, and he brings us roses—Sweet roses, blossomed from the brow of peace—Or thorns on which remorseful thoughts repose, Regrets whose sharp tormentations never cease.

Then let us strive temptation's storm to weather; Let every thought and every deed improve, Till Conscience finds no cruel thorns to gather, But burns the soul with joy and peace and love.

—T. Russell Sheldon in Richmond Religious Herald.

WARS WAGED FOR CENTURIES.

The Dutch and Achinese Have Been Fighting Since 1449.

Since the first foreigner, in the person of a Dutchman, landed on the island of Sumatra in 1449 the native Achinese have combated the usurping of their land foot by foot.

Although when the Dutch got the Achinese out in the open they invariably beat them, the war continued in a desultory manner today and will only end when the last native of Sumatra has been killed in action. The number of Achinese killed has never been known, but the war has been a very serious drain on the manhood of Holland, and many of her best soldiers were killed between the years 1873 and 1879, when the struggle was very bitter.

Since 1604, when the Persians surrendered Armenia to Turkey, the numerous sultans of Turkey have never sheathed their swords in regard to the former country save in the flesh of the inhabitants.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Algiers finally passed into the hands of France. From that time till the present the French, who have always kept an army corps of not less than 50,000 French troops garrisoned there to fight the Arabs who infest the hinterland and raid the French possessions at least once a year.

Chief among these are the Touaregs, who fight with one-half of their faces masked and fight always to the death or victory. Never once has a Touareg been taken alive. France cannot subdue them, for, if beaten, they flee to the desert, where no trained army can follow them.

The Rifians, who are the scourge of Morocco, resemble the Touaregs in that they also take and give no quarter; but, instead of living in the heart of the Sahara, they fight from their mountain fortresses and keep the sultan of Morocco in continual dread.

To keep his soldiers in good fettle the sultan every year gives at least three months' fighting to them by picking a quarrel with one of the feudal holders of the numerous semibrigand strongholds.

No one knows when the first blood feud began in Corsica or when the first brigand set up shop. Nor can any one tell when the last will put up his shutters.

Even in the time of the Romans the inhabitants were too busy fighting one another to care whether a foreign garrison was left on the island or not.

Not a day goes by without several lives being sacrificed in the cause of some vendetta, and as each life means the sacrifice in atonement of at least two more there is hardly one Corsican whose life is not wanted by a fellow countryman and who in running away is not also chasing some other person.

Peacocks.

Peacocks of the familiar ordinary variety are raised by the breeders of fancy fowls of one sort or another, and they are not very costly nor is there much demand for them. A pair of such peacocks might cost from \$12 to \$20. They might be sold for collections or for public parks, but not often for private parks or grounds, where the white peacock would be preferred.

White peacocks are rarer and more costly than those of the ordinary kind, ranging in price from \$100 to \$225 a pair. Some of these birds are raised in this country, but the greater number are imported from Europe. White peacocks are like ordinary peacocks in their general characteristics, but instead of having plumage of the familiar blue and green and black, their plumage is white. Some of the "eyes" in the "white peacock's" tail are of a creamy tint, giving to the tail when spread the effect of lace, from which such birds are called white lace peacocks.

The demand for peacocks of any variety is small, and no dealer in birds and animals keeps them in stock, supplying them only on order.—New York Sun.

His Motive.

"I will ask you now," the attorney for the prosecution said to the witness, "if the defendant in this case confessed to you his motive in shooting the deceased?" "Hold on!" interposed the attorney for the defense. "I object."

DISCOVERY OF CATCHUP.

To the Antics of a Monkey We Are Indebted For the Sauce.

"Did you ever hear how tomato catchup first came about?" asked a South Water street commission man.

His friend, the grocer, said he never had heard about it.

"Well, this is how it was," began the commission man. "There lived in Massachusetts many years ago an old woman who devoted nearly all of her time to recipe making. She had the reputation all around her part of the country of being able to make better plain household and richer preserves than anybody else. Every once in awhile she would come out with something entirely new. I forget her name; I think it was Hobbits or Smith or something like that, though. Well, one day she went out to her sewing circle, and—oh, I forgot to tell you—she was very fond of pets, and had a pair of monkeys, a parrot, or so, some small mice and rabbits, and—oh, everything like that, and she kept them in a room adjoining the room where she made her culinary experiments. Well, on this particular day she went to the sewing circle, leaving open the door which led from her experimenting room into her menagerie."

"The two monkeys discovered the door open and went on an exploring expedition to the experimenting room. They saw one table a dishpan full of ripe, nice tomatoes, and while one of the monkeys was sitting on the edge of the table examining the vegetables, his mate came bustling and pushed him into the pan. The result was that by the time the monkey scrambled out every tomato was smashed so thoroughly that it wouldn't be taken for a tomato if the sauce wasn't there. The monkey then did the pushing thing picked up a jar which happened to be full of vinegar and emptied about half of it into the pan. Then it smashed some green peppers that happened to be lying on the table and put them also in with the tomatoes. The broom handle was brought into play as a mixer."

"When the sewing circle had fixed up a couple of quilts for the poor, the old woman came home and lost no time in getting to the experimenting room. She opened her mouth so wide and quick when she saw the mixture in the dishpan that her false teeth came loose and she nearly swallowed the upper set. She dipped her finger into the stuff and tasted it. No sooner had the finger reached her mouth than she shouted 'Eureka' so loud that one of the monkeys began to disturb things orally. Well, there is little left to tell. She improved upon the mixture, and that's how catchup first came about."—Chicago News.

CREMATION IN FRANCE.

A Great Deal of Red Tape Before the Ceremony Is Permitted.

It is not, even in these days of advanced hygiene, difficult to die, but in France, at least, it appears to be no very easy task to cremate. If a Frenchman wishes to give his heirs, executors or assigns as much trouble as possible after he has departed this life, he could hardly do more than leave directions that his body should be disposed of in that manner.

The following are the formalities that have to be gone through before his wishes can be carried out: 1. A request on stamped paper for leave to have the body cremated must be addressed to the mayor of the commune. 2. A certificate of death, also on stamped paper, must be got from the medical attendant. 3. This certificate must be countersigned by the commissioner of police. 4. A further certificate certifying the certificate of the medical attendant must be obtained from the civil medical officer. 5. The next step is to go before the mayor armed with the various certificates enumerated, to obtain the authorization of that functionary. 6. This authorization having been obtained, it must be presented to the prefect of police, who, after countersigning it, delivers three certificates for the removal of the body—one for the mayor, one for the pompes funebres (corresponding to undertakers) and one for the crematorium. 7. The prefecture of the Seine must next be visited to arrange as to the hour at which the cremation is to take place. 8. Next some one must go to the burial office of the commune to settle the details of the funeral and to pay the bill. 9. On arriving at the cemetery the authorization of the mayor and the certificate of the prefect of police must be presented to the keeper in his official capacity. 10. After the cremation has been carried out the representative of the deceased's family must again go to the keeper's office and pay the tax of 125 francs (25).—British Medical Journal.

FISHING IN POLYNESIA.

Natives Hook the Finny Tribes With Fishhooks Grown on Trees.

A party of palm fishers are ready to set out from the little island of Nanomaga, the smallest but most thickly populated of the Ellice group. The night must be windless and moonless, the latter condition being absolutely indispensable, although, curiously enough, an unusual light from the book on an ordinary starlight night. Time after time have I tried my luck with either a growing or a waning moon, much to the amusement of the natives, and never once did I get a palu, although other nocturnal feeding fish bit freely enough, notably a monstrous species of sea perch called la-hu.

The tackle used by the natives is made of coconut shell, four or eight strands of green or brown tree bark, capable of holding a 15 foot shark, should one of these prowlers select the bait. The hook is made of wood—in fact, the same as is used for shark fishing—about one inch and a half in diameter, 14 inches in the shank, with a natural curve, the barb, or rather that which answers the purpose of a barb, being supplied by a small piece lashed horizontally across the top of the end of the curve.

The roots of a tree called ngua, whose wood is of great toughness, are watched when they protrude from a bank and trained into the desired shape. Specimens of these may be seen in almost any ethnographical museum. To sink the line coral stones of three or four pounds' weight are used, attached by a very thick piece of senait, or bark, which, when the fish is struck, is always broken by its struggling and falls off, thus releasing the line from any unnecessary weight. It is no light task hauling in a thick, heavy line hanging straight up and down for a length of from 75 to 100 fathoms or more.—Chambers' Journal.

The Wretch!

Mrs. Freshley—Is this all you are going to give me for my birthday? Why, Mr. Popple gave his wife a diamond necklace.

Mr. Freshley (henpecked)—So would I if she were my wife.—Philadelphia Press.

For Over Fifty Years

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COLONIAL WOOLING.

SOME OF THE ODDITIES OF OLD TIME COURTSHIPS.

How Early Marriage For Both Women and Men Was Encouraged, but Heavy Penalties Attached to Sly Wooing—Widows and Widowers Had the Best of It.

As the chief and only object of a girl of colonial times was plainly to get married, it is evident that the steps that led her to marriage were of much importance. She was early taught by precept and a few rare and deplorable examples to dread and shun being an old maid. The traveler, John Duntun, wrote in 1874:

"It is true an old or superannuated maid in Boston is thought such a curse as nothing can exceed it, look'd on as a dismal spectacle."

He adds that unmarried women were called "thornbushes." The state of old maidism was reached at an early date. Higginson wrote of an "ancient maid" of 25. The letters of Mary Doning, daughter of Emanuel Doning, John Winthrop's brother-in-law, show how bitterly her parents resented her remaining unmarried till about 25 years of age. And letters of her father show his mortification at not "early matching" his children. The evidences of family records, of gravestones, of church lists, show that unmarried women were few.

Long men, as Shakespeare called them, were, of course, equally discouraged. Bachelors were eyed askance and with much suspicion. They were watched by ministers, elders, deacons, magistrates, heads of families; the titling man was ordered to have a "special eye out" on them. They were not permitted to live alone or to choose their place of residence, but had to go with whom and where the court assigned, and if they resented this treatment were sold for a term of service. In many of the colonies they had to pay a tax if they remained unmarried after a certain age.

All was not smooth sailing when the restricted and watched bachelor decided to marry and gain freedom. He could not "make a motion of marriage" to any young woman in the community without obtaining the consent of her parents, guardians or near kinsfolk. The wedding post and cat-nine tails awaited him if he "involved the affections of any maid or maid-servant" by making love to her without proper permission. I have often wondered whether the marked attractions and charms of widows in colonial days were not somewhat due to the fact that a man could court them without being watched, or being given permission, or rendering account.

Many laws restricting unlicensed love-making can be found in court records of colonial days, but the New Haven magistrates severely specified the "invenging" as "by speech, writing, message, company keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly night meetings, sinful dalliance, gifts or (as a final blow to inventive lovers) in any other way."

It seems plainly to be seen that if a sly wooer were hauled up for "invenging" and threatened with the whipping post and stocks a bold sweetheart had a very simple way of thwarting the magistrates. When Goodman Tuttle of New Haven found that Jacob Murlin had been kissing Sarah Tuttle, his daughter, without leave or license, he angrily brought suit against Jacob for "invenging Sarah's affections. Affairs were looking dark for Jacob and the lash of the whip seemed to tremble near him in the air when the court asked Sarah whether Jacob invenged her, and she demurely answered "No." The magistrate called her a "bold virgin," but he couldn't make her say she was kissed against her will, so Jacob was scot free to Goodman Tuttle's loss.

The laws as to the restraint of lovers were not wholly for the control of ignorant and poor folk, nor to prevent the loss of bound servants, as some historians have imagined. They applied to all classes in the community and were taken advantage of by fathers and guardians of all ranks.

An engagement of marriage was a serious matter in those days. The father had given his consent, he could not recklessly or unreasonably interfere to break the contract. Colonial court records, especially those of Plymouth, prove that lovers, in turn, could sue parents for intermeddling in sanctioned love-making, and breach of promise cases were brought by men against women.

In some communities, in both Plymouth and Boston, a formal betrothal, called a "contracting," took place. The woman held to have a very favorable influence on morals, as colonial records prove, and, as is furthered long engagements, was not encouraged. Cotton Mather expressed himself with some force upon the subject.

A certain sordidness and wantonness appear in many of the accounts of wooings in colonial times through the eagerness of both the father of the bride and the groom to drive as sharp a bargain as possible in marriage contract. The tender passion was reckoned in many cases in pounds, shillings and pence. The pages of Judge Sewall's diary give ample proof of his shrewd calculation in courtships, both his own and his children's. And the pages also show that he proved a very good husband in spite of the sharpness of his bargaining. A marriage settlement was a very important matter in those days. A girl could not marry, of course, without a dowry, but she could not expect to match with any one of very high standing in the community unless she brought money in her pocket.

There was some sentiment in love-making, albeit of a rather broadly outlined kind. A favorite method of expression was by very energetic "love at first sight" and speedy marriage. I am constrained to note that in this sort of romance has been, in every case which I have noted, a widower. No romantic bachelor has ever fallen in love at sight of a fair maid who met in his father's house, proposed at once and married her as soon as published. It has always been a widower who did this, and I am bound to state, in approval of his apparently hasty choice, that the speedily won bride always proved a notable housekeeper.—Alice Morse Earle in Chicago Record.

They Knew Me.

The train had stopped for a few minutes at a station out on the plains, and two or three barefooted little boys and girls had their backs against the depot and their fingers in their mouths, while they stared at the passengers.

Suddenly a boy of about 10 years dashed round a corner of the station and called to his brother and sister:

"You, Joey! Ma says if you and Maggie don't come right straight home she'll—she'll—well, I forgot what, but she'll do it, sure, for you know what Ma is when she gets started. So you'd better git home straight off."

Joey and Maggie evidently knew what Ma was when she "got started," for they started homeward as fast as their bare little feet would carry them.—Youth's Companion.

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CROWDED JAVA.

Twenty-four Million People on an Island the Size of New York State.

Eliza Rubamah Seldmore, author of "Jirikibha Days," writes a paper entitled "Prisoners of State at Sora Bodoor," for The Century. It is an account of the visit of two American ladies to the vast Buddhist ruins in the middle of Java. Miss Seldmore says:

Every few miles there were open red tiled pavilions built over the highways as refuges for man and beast from the scorching sun of one season and the cloudburst showers of the rainy half of the year. Twice we found busy passers going on in groves beside these pavilions—picturesque gatherings of men, women and children and displays of fowls, fruits, nuts, vegetables, grain, sugar, apples, gums and flowers that tempted one to linger and enjoy and to photograph every foot of the passers' area. The main road was crowded all the way like a city street, and around these passers the highway hummed with voices.

One can believe in the density of the population—24,000,000 people on this island of 49,197 square miles, about the size of the state of New York—when he sees the people trooping along these country roads, and he can well understand why every foot of land is cultivated, how even in the benevolent land of the banana every one must produce something, must work or starve. Men and boys toiled to the passers, lent over with the weight of one or two monstrous jackfruits or durians on their backs. A woman with a baby swinging in the slings over her shoulder had tied cackling chickens to the back of her belt and trudged on comfortably under her umbrella, and a boy swung a brace of ducks from each end of a shoulder pole and trotted gayly to the passers.

The kampongs, or villages, when not hidden in palm and plantain groves behind fancy bamboo fences, were rows of open houses on each side of the highway, and we reviewed a life at leisure while the ponies were changed. The friendly, gentle little brown people welcomed us with unfeigned and unfeigned smiles when our curiosity as to earthen painting, incense burning and mat weaving carried us into the family circle. The dark, round eyed, star eyed babies and children showed no fear or shyness, and the tiniest ones—their soft, little, warm, brown bodies of ever a garment save the cotton slandering in which they cuddle so confidently under the mother's protecting arm—let us lift and carry and play with them at will.

GIRL AS AN OFFICE BOY.

She Makes It Uncomfortable, It Seems, For Women Visitors.

Offentimes a representative of the gentler sex is placed in the position of doorkeeper, and the uninitiated feels his heart grow glad when he gazes upon her face, for he is sure that he will receive gentle treatment at her hands. If he is young, good looking and well dressed, she cannot be faulted enough, but let his hair be well frosted with the snows of Father Time and his trousers be somewhat "fringed," and she will be as indifferent to his appeals as the young man who formerly occupied her place. It is to one of her own sex, however, that she can best display her frigid manners. Let a woman, no matter whether she be old or young, rich or poor, enter the office, and the girl in charge stiffens immediately, while over the face of the caller comes a look of despair, for she knows what is coming.

"I wish to see Mr. —," ventures the caller.

Like icicles the words fall from the lips of the doorkeeper.

"He is busy."

"Please take my name in to him."

"He is busy," I tell you," returns the doorkeeper, interrogating the contents of her purse or examining her nails very closely.

"I am sure he will see me if he knows I am here," continues the caller if she be very persistent.

The doorkeeper raises her eyebrows in the most exasperating manner, then with a sigh of utter weariness languidly rises from her seat, adjusts the plate in her hair, returns to her desk for her handkerchief, then remembers that some papers need attention, and finally, when the caller is almost reduced to tears, she leisurely makes a second attempt to follow out the request made, and when she returns and gives the requisite permission to enter it is with the air of a queen bestowing a royal favor.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Speed on Typewriters.

A typewriter who writes accurately from dictation at the rate of 40 words a minute for an hour is a good operator. One who writes 50 words a minute for the same time is better. One who writes 60 words a minute is excellent. One able to average 70 words, spelled and capitalized correctly, is an expert. One capable of writing 80 words under those conditions is professionally classified as a "million." One sufficiently skillful to strike off 90 words, unspelled, uncapitalized, in 10 minutes, is a "millionaire." One who can average 100 words a minute is a star operator of the first quality. And there are at least three typewriters in New York city who can make a "century run" of that sort in an hour. A comparatively small number of typewriters are adapted mentally and physically for very rapid work, and not 1 in 50, as operators go, is able to average 60 words a minute from unfamiliar matter. My list is made from 5,000 words, properly spelled, in one hour. Fifty words a minute is probably not far from the average rate of speed in this city.—New York Sun.

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Joey and Maggie evidently knew what Ma was when she "got started," for they started homeward as fast as their bare little feet would carry them.—Youth's Companion.

Report That Admiral Will See Service Again.

HIS VIEWS ON THE SITUATION.

Boxers Likened to Igorrotes in Luzon. Says Admirals Remy and Kempf are Very Capable Officers—Hard Campaigning Ahead.

Washington, June 25.—There is reason to believe that should the situation in China result in war between the powers, in which the United States might become involved, Admiral Dewey would be the first to apply for sea service. The admiral will not say this, for he is hopeful that the question can be settled without conflict among the nations.

A newspaper man told him that Rear Admiral Remy had been ordered to take to sea the command and staff of the dispatch from Rear Admiral Kempf stating that the American force had fallen into an ambush.

"I am sorry to hear that some of our men have been killed," said the admiral, "but I can understand how it occurred. While I have never gone from Taku to Tientsin, it has been reported to me that the road is a very narrow one, flanked on both sides by paddy fields and swamps. Barred and defended, it is the kind of a road that can be held by a small force, and there is no means for an enemy to flank them. For some reason the gunboats do not appear to have gone up the Pei-ho. The Monocacy can proceed as far as Tientsin, and I notice that she has crossed the bar at Taku. The failure of the gunboats to enter the channel is filling up. The Chinese don't dredge, you know—in fact, they are anxious that the channel should be blocked to keep out the foreigners. The Monocacy ought to do good work at Tientsin. She is equipped with a first class battery for operating against the Chinese and can accommodate a large force of men.

Hard Roads to Travel.

"The roads in China are very much like those of Luzon. Before the railroad connecting Tientsin and Peking was built transportation was primitive. Visitors to Peking were conveyed in carts over narrow roads to their destination. As the railroad was destroyed Vice Admiral Seymour's column had to return to the old means of transportation. I trust he and his column are safe. My hopes for the relief of the legations in Peking are based upon the Russian column which recently left Niu-chwang. This column will enter Peking from the rear and probably take its defenders at a disadvantage."

The admiral was asked what kind of an officer Admiral Remy was.

"None better," was the prompt reply. "He is a very able, careful man. We could not have a better one on the spot. Taku is now the most important point on the Asiatic station, and it is natural the commander in chief should be sent there. The British have Vice Admiral Seymour in command of the land force and Rear Admiral Bruce in command of the squadron at Taku. It is therefore no reflection upon Admiral Kempf to take command. I presume that eventually Admiral Kempf will be ordered to the Philippines to take charge of naval operations there."

The admiral expressed gratification that there are two flag officers on the Asiatic station. It developed that the navy department ordered Rear Admirals Remy and Kempf to the far east upon the admiral's recommendation, he calling attention to the importance of having two officers of their rank available for service there. I asked the admiral if the Chinese were good fighters.

"I did not think much of them when I was in the east," said the admiral. "but it may be that they consider that they are fighting for their homes and will vigorously oppose the allied forces. My Chinese servant, who is a very intelligent man, says the Boxers are savages. He likens them to the Igorrotes of Luzon. I sincerely trust, however, that the situation will rapidly improve and that peace and order will soon be restored in China."

Steamer Sinks a Schooner.

Norfolk, June 25.—When the steamship Hamilton of the Old Dominion line, Captain Doan, bound from New York to Norfolk, reached this port yesterday afternoon, Doan reported that as the Hamilton was about two miles from Northeast End lightship, off the Delaware coast, about 11 o'clock Saturday night, she suddenly and without warning crashed into the fishing schooner John H. Ker. Captain Redmond, of New York, sending her to the bottom of the ocean, but not until all hands had been rescued. There was a thick fog prevailing at the time, and the schooner was under full sail, while the Hamilton was running at about eight or ten knots under reduced speed.

An Alleged Accomplice of Neely.

Havana, June 25.—Information has come to the United States authorities regarding the whereabouts of Taylor, who is believed to have gone to Colombia to find a safe place to act as the receiver of property stolen by C. F. W. Neely, late financial agent of posts at Havana. Taylor addressed a letter from Barranquilla, on the Magdalena river, Colombia, to a former roommate in that town who is now in Havana. The officials are considering the advisability of applying for Taylor's extradition on the charge of complicity with Neely in disposing of surcharge stamps.

Merry-go-round Boiler Explosion.

Greenwich, Conn., June 25.—By the explosion of the boiler of a merry-go-round at Edwards Grove, Rye Beach, on the sound, late yesterday afternoon L. Nelson, Charles Hallett and John Wood are in the Port Chester hospital in a badly burned and bruised condition, and the last named is not expected to live. Wood was the engineer and is 19 years of age and belongs in Winsted. Nelson and Hallett are New York men and conducted the affair. John Ward of Rye, who was in close proximity to the boiler when it exploded, was badly scalded.

Marines Start For the East.

Washington, June 25.—Two companies of the United States marine corps, consisting of 225 men, Major William P. Bingham in command, left here in the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad for San Francisco, whence they are to sail about July 1 for the Philippines, stopping first at Nagasaki, Japan. In the event of continued trouble in China their destination may be changed to that country.

The Treating Habit.

Inevitable of National Customs Leads to Disagreeable Results. "I had a rather embarrassing but instructive experience recently," remarked a citizen of this city. "A gentleman from Breslau, who had just arrived in New Orleans on a pleasure trip, was introduced to me by a friend, who had met him on the cars, and we strolled into the St. Charles cafe. Going in, we encountered another friend, making a party of four altogether, and we sat down to chat.

"In a moment or two the stranger from Breslau beckoned a waiter and ordered a glass of Rhine wine. To my utter amazement he said not a word about our joining him, and when the wine arrived he proceeded to sip it with perfect sangfroid. In spite of all this, I saw that he was unquestionably a gentleman of breeding and refinement, and, while I was strongly tempted to order something for the balance of the party I refrained from doing so lest he would observe me paying and feel mortified. The others looked bewildered and said nothing, but the friend who joined us at the door took early occasion to excuse himself and walk off. He is a fine type of the old school, hospitable, southern, and I am sure he felt extremely indignant at what he considered an exhibition of foreign boorishness.

"The fact is that our American custom of 'treating' is almost entirely unknown in many parts of Germany and elsewhere in Europe. There it would be considered very bad form to offer to pay for the refreshments of a chance acquaintance, and our friend from Breslau was simply deporting himself according to the custom of his country. When he becomes better acquainted with American idiosyncrasies, I am sure he will be covered with chagrin. After all, however, treating is an idiotic usage, and I must confess a private sympathy with the foreign point of view."

"That reminds me of a whimsical little incident which I witnessed in 1895 in a cafe in Antwerp," said one of the listeners to the foregoing. "I was spending a few weeks in the city and used to drop in at a place to which I refer to read my paper over a glass and cigar. The public room was equipped with a number of little tables on a raised floor, and ranged along one of the walls were several cabinets or lockers where residents kept their private bottles. The house supplied the liquor, and they strolled in whenever they felt like it and helped themselves to a nip.

"One day when I was sitting in my favorite corner a stout gentleman, who was evidently an old citizen, came in with an American whom he seemed to be showing the sights. The American was erect and slender, with a dignified carriage and an iron gray, semimilitary mustache. They took the adjoining table, and presently the portly native waddled over to the cabinet and returned with a long necked wine bottle and one glass. He poured out a drink very deliberately and then reentered the bottle, the American looking on with an expression of amazement. 'Your health, captain,' said the native in French, and raised the glass to his lips. The American's eyes blazed. 'Perdition!' he roared, springing to his feet. 'Do you mean to insult me?' And he swept the bottle off the table with a blow of his cane. Of course there was a frightful row. Everybody talked at once, and the gentlemen rushed in and took several reams of memoranda.

"The funny part of it was that the portly gentleman couldn't understand how he had possibly given offense. I heard him discuss it several times afterward, and when I left it was still a profound mystery, only to be explained by the well known eccentricity of all Americans."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Won by a Poem.

One afternoon a sweet looking old lady with hair as white as the snow and countenance smiling and cheerful stepped into an attorney's office in the Trust building and said she wanted to have the lawyer make a few changes in her will, which she had written about ten years ago. The lawyer made note of the alterations desired and then for the first time picked up the faded instrument for an examination.

Down in the corner of the first page written in a very fine, delicate, feminine hand he saw this verse from Tennyson:

Twilight and evening star,
And close my eyes to morrow,
And there be no more morning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

"When I read that prophetic verse," said the lawyer, "I took one steady look at the lovely old woman, bowed my head with reverence and—well—I cut my feet right in two in the middle."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

His Little Joke.

An enterprising Philadelphia restaurant proprietor hung out a large blackboard sign one day with the following announcement: "You Can't Beat Our 15 Cent Dinners."

This sign proved to be a good drawing card until a young man of humorous turn of mind came along. The latter, seeing the sign, stopped and, after scrutinizing it closely, smiled one of those smiles which bode no one any good. He waited until none of the employees was watching, and, taking out his handkerchief, he erased the letter "b" from the word "beat."

An Illustration In Point.

"Right ahead of us," resumed the traveler who was narrating his experiences, "I saw the mountain pass."

"Do you know," artlessly interrupted one of the younger women in the company, "that seems very queer to me? How can a mountain pass?"

"Did you never see Cumberland Gap, miss?"

"And there were no more interruptions."—Chicago Tribune.

Why Not Indeed?

"With the help of Providence," said the pious physician, "I hope to restore you to health."

"Ah!" exclaimed the sick woman whose sole ambition was the achievement of social distinction, "if I must have the climate of Rhode Island, why not Newport?"—Philadelphia Press.

The Treating Habit.

The rose root takes earth's kisses for its meat;
The rose leaf makes its bluish from the sun's heat;
The rose scent wafts—how knows from what thing sweet?

Who knows
The secret of the perfume of the rose?

A rose ungarlanded is but a rose;
Pluck it, lover, don't mind a thorn!
Tuck it away in your bosom clothes
And drink its beauty from night to morn.

Big, garden, deep (all the earth lips cling tight,
Eyes, garden, keep those blushes to the light.
Then, garden, sleep. He brings the scent by night.

Who knows
The secret of the perfume of the rose?

Pale, pale are the rose lips, sweet!
Red is the heart of the rose,
But red are the lips mine meet
And your heart white as the snow.
—Hors Annie Reed in New Lippincott.

IN AN AFRICAN HOME.

Natives Will Not Work When They Get a Chance to Play.

The Rev. David A. Carson, a graduate of the Union Missionary Training Institute, Brooklyn, gives an interesting picture of his African home:

"My room in a neat little hut of mud and thatch is 12 by 14 feet. The bed is constructed with branches, holes being angled in posts for the sides and ends to be inserted. The support for the grass mattress is of leather thongs laced across both ways, thus holding all secure.

"My chair is the same. The table and washstand are of branches with reed mat tops. There are no boards. The desk is the same, with the inside case of my steamer trunk for a top; very good.

"The windows are of white cloth, tacked to a frame which can be opened right back and fastened to the wall. Hinges for doors and windows are of skin. No mats or rugs are used on the floor, as they harbor insects."

Mr. Carson is a member of the industrial mission of the Phil-African Liberator's league, located at Lincoln, in the west coast. And the following will illustrate the difficulties of teaching the African to work:

"There is practically no routine here. The unexpected most always happens. Her is one day out of many varieties: We rise with the sun, 5:35 a. m., have private devotions from 6 to 6:30, then breakfast, after which the ram's horn is blown for native roll call.

"Our superintendent seats himself outside his house; the associate workers, six of us, stand beside him while he rattles off the names, to which the people shout 'ame'—the personal pronoun I.

"He then asks us how many helpers we need in our various departments. We begin to calculate, and he calls those qualified for certain kinds of work, when there is a terrible harking down in the valley and a shrieking like that of a child.

"Every man with a black or white skin (black always first) runs to investigate, and there is a fine deer at bay with three wild dogs barking at it. They see the rush of people, and, jealous of their prey, pounce on him and tear him limb from limb in a twinkling, so strong are their mouths and shoulders.

"The rush of natives on the poor dead beast is more terrific, it would seem, than that of the dogs. They cut him up, indifferent as to whether they have a rib or a steak or the tail or an ear, then march up the hill, blow up the leg fires and feast till all is finished.

"The consequence is, no work that day; a day's pay is gladly forfeited for such a treat."—Presbyterian Banner.

A Fatal Pistol.

The present president of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh told the writer that some years ago a woman was brought into his ward in the infirmary at Edinburgh shot through the head by a bullet from a revolver which some one was examining in a saleroom.

She died. Nine years afterward a woman was brought into his ward shot in the chest by a bullet from a revolver which her husband had bought in a saleroom. She recovered, but a judicial inquiry was held. Some days after the inquiry the chief of police entered Dr. Chisno's consulting room and, producing a revolver, said:

"I have something here that will interest you. You said at the inquest that it was a very remarkable coincidence that you should twice have had in your ward a person shot in such an unlikely way. I have looked up the old case, and I find that this pistol which recently wounded a woman is the same one which killed your patient of nine years ago."

Any one with a touch of superstition would be likely to remark that until that pistol has been dropped in the deepest hole in the Pacific ocean it is not safe to enter a saleroom.—Alexander Hill's Introduction to Science.

London's Great Docks.

St. Katherine docks are famed as a 4 1/2 important part of London's great commercial highway. Carlyle refers to them in this expressive paragraph: "This London city, with all its houses, palaces, steam engines, cathedrals and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a thought, but millions of thoughts made into one—a huge immeasurable spirit of a thought, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, palaces, parliaments, hackney coaches, Katherine docks and the rest of it."

It is said that over 1,200 houses had to be razed and 11,000 inhabitants removed to make room for the construction of the docks, which cost £1,700,000. They were opened for use in 1828 and are now a part of the London docks, the two having been united under one management.

An Old Saw That Is Senseless.

In olden times when a person died it was customary to toll the church bell a certain number of times to indicate whether it was a man, woman or child. For a woman it was tolled three times and for a man three times. The toll of a bell was called a "toller," and hence it was nine tollers for a man; or, as folks said in those days, "Nine tollers mark a man." This saying, which was common long after the tolling custom was abolished, finally became converted into the present saying, "Nine tollers mark a man," which is devoid of both sense and reason.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Then He Caught It.

"You're been fishing again," said the stern parent. "Suppose you come with me now to the washstand."

"Father," protested the bright youth, "I hope you intend to make the punishment fit the crime."

"That's my intention."

"Well, father, the crime amounted to two nibbles. I didn't catch a thing."—Philadelphia Press.

DEEP SEA PRESSURE.

How It Changes a Corked Bottle of Wine Into Water.

"Speaking of deep sea pressure," said one of the officers of the training ship Frigate, "did you ever hear of the experiment of lowering a bottle of champagne and forcing it in the cork? No? Well, it's very curious. I saw it done when I was on the Hero during its Pacific cruise, and I have never since been able to forget it."

A quart bottle of champagne was secured from the wardroom and attached to the common ball weight used on the deep sounding apparatus. They let it down, how far I don't remember, but it was several thousand feet, and when they began to hoist there was naturally a great deal of curiosity.

"All hands clustered about the rail, and when the bottle appeared it was eagerly examined. The cork was firmly in place, although it looked as if it had been badly crushed or jammed, and, miraculously as it may seem, the stuff inside was undeniably sea water. Everybody could testify that the bottle went down full of champagne, and how the transformation was effected was a first class mystery to most of those present.

"Yet the explanation was very simple. When the bottle reached a certain depth, the pressure drove the cork right down into the body of it. The champagne then escaped, water under compression took its place, and in returning to the surface the cork, which was floating in the neck, was pushed up into its former position. Nevertheless it was a very surprising thing to witness."

"They tried the same experiment with a bottle of beer, and when hauled back to the surface its cork was found sticking tightly in the neck, but turned bottom side up. It had evidently whirled around while the beer was going out and the sea water was going in and happened to be reversed when the upward pressure drew it back into position.

"The performance was of no special scientific value, but it gave us all a vivid realization of the tremendous weight of water in these submarine depths. After such an object lesson it is easy to understand why a diver can go only a limited distance below the surface. If he had followed the bottle, he would have been smashed like an eggshell under a trip hammer."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE WRONG COAT.

What Happened When the Man Who Took It Came Back.

"I'll carry it," said a young man at an uptown barber shop as the boy vainly tried to help him out with the light overcoat he had slipped from the row. Throwing the coat over his arm he departed hastily.

"Always arouses my suspicions," said the wise guy, "when a man carries away his overcoat from a public place instead of putting it on."

The man sitting alongside the wise guy looked up, musedly, walked over to the rack, examined an overcoat, emptied a bowl and dashed out of the door. In a few minutes he returned with the young man who had carried the coat, both somewhat flustered.

The barber shop was very much interested, and the barbers did not go on shaving. Malevolent glances were shot at the young man.

"I'm very sorry I took your coat," said he. "It looks very much like mine," as he indicated another coat hanging on the rack.

"Oh, yes," returned the other sarcastically. "Don't do it again, that's all."

The young man dashed deeply, but maintained his composure. "I shall ask you," he said, addressing the proprietor of the barber shop, "to put your hand in the inside breast pocket of my coat hanging there and show these gentlemen what you find."

The proprietor did so, while everybody rubbed. He produced a pocketbook. "You will find cards bearing my name," said the young man, mentioning the name. The cards were produced.

"What else is there?" continued the young man.

The proprietor fished into the pocketbook and displayed five \$100 bills and some others, making something over \$800.

"I may be very foolish to leave that money lying around in an overcoat," said the young man, "but I'd rather be thought a fool than a thief. I'm much obliged to you, sir" (bowing to the man who had brought him back), "for calling my attention so promptly, if rudely, to the mistake I made."—New York Sun.

Asparagus and Cabbage.

Cabbage, strange to tell, once grew without a head. It is a native of Europe. Wild cabbage, or the cabbage without a head, is called "collards." Cultivation puts a head on collards. Cabbage comes down by transmission from "capiut."

One of the oldest culinary vegetables is asparagus. Pliny and Cato ate it for pneumatic gont and praised it highly. We are growing it today in perfection, better than they ever had it. Certain folk in lower Europe use asparagus beans as a substitute for coffee, and in this country we have a patent medicine made of the juice of the root which is said to be an excellent lithic. Asparagus is bleached nowadays as we bleach celery, the stalks being of a pale cream color when harvested.

Filled the Bill.

Young Ohed Perkins—it wasn't right for you to go to see Cynthia while I was going with her, Seth. She won't keep company with me at all now.

Young Seth Whently—Well, it weren't just adactly right, Ohed. I'll admit. But, you see, it was this way: While yer just as good a looking feller as I am, you know Cynthia's a gal what's got all kind good education, an' she's got a damned patietick that she gits a feller what uses good grammar. That's my strong point, Ohed, an' naturally she tuck to me.—Indianapolis Star.

Crafty Borrower.

McGigger-Borrower is crafty. He paid back to Hoodev \$1 of the \$14 he owed him.

"Thingumbob—It's unusual for Borrower to pay anything back."

McGigger—True; but Hoodev is so superstitious Borrower knows he'll never ask for the balance.—Philadelphia Press.

Wise Is the Man Who Acts as If He Expected to Live a Hundred Years, but Is Prepared to Shuffle Off Tomorrow.—Chicago News.

MAKING BIG LENSES.

FOR TWO CENTURIES PARIS HAS HAD A MONOPOLY OF THE ART.

An Interesting Description of the Delicate and Complicated Process, Which, by the Way, Is Surrounded With Much Secrecy.

The making of big lenses has for nearly two centuries been a most jealously guarded monopoly of Paris, the process being surrounded with a good deal of secrecy. The lenses used in the great telescope at the Paris exposition measure 49 inches in diameter, and those of the Yerkes telescope 40 inches, and the story of their manufacture by M. Mantois will give a very good idea of the difficulties the maker of lenses has to contend with.

A crucible of the proper capacity, having been bricked into the oven situated directly over the furnace—the mouth of the crucible only being left exposed—is heated very gradually for about 30 hours or so, when it becomes white hot. It is then ready to receive the glass producing small shavings. These are thrown in, a small amount at a time, and very soon begin to bubble and boil at a tremendous rate.

Were too much thrown in at once the mixture would boil over just like milk and be lost. To fill the crucible completely, therefore, if it be one of some size, takes nearly 24 hours. After it is filled the contents are allowed to go on simmering for another ten hours or so, at the end of which time the crucible resembles a vat of frothy soapuds.

Up to now it has been child's play. The real heating has not begun. The furnace being put in full blast, the temperature in the crucibles rises until it is sometimes as much as 3,300 degrees Fahrenheit. At a temperature such as this the lens maker may consider himself fortunate if the bricks of the oven do not melt and the crucible itself crumble away.

Should no such catastrophe occur, however, the period of intense heating is continued for from 20 to 30 hours, during which time small ladlefuls of the seething liquid are taken out every few minutes and rapidly cooled. They have the form when cold of half glass balls, and each of them is minutely examined with powerful magnifying glasses and in every kind of light to see whether it contains air bells. So long as the smallest bubble is detected the heating has to be continued.

At last, when all the specimens have been found to be perfectly free from air bells, the heat of the furnace is reduced, and the liquid in the crucible is skimmed off all the impurities which have risen like foam and are floating on the surface.

Now begins one of the most difficult parts of the process. This is the stirring and mixing. The substances of which glass is composed are always tending to separate from each other while the mass is cooling. This it is that causes the formation of threads. To counteract this tendency, therefore, a stirring rod of clay, raised itself to white heat in a separate furnace, is introduced into the crucible, over which it is suspended by a system of chains and rods in such a way that it can be moved easily in any direction, just as if it were a huge spoon.

The contents of the crucible at this moment are as fluid as water, and the workmen whose task it is to keep the stirring rod in motion have, at first only to suffer from the heat. This is so intense that they are obliged to incase their hands and arms in asbestos bags, and even so cannot work for a longer spell than five minutes at a time, when they have to be replaced by others. The perspiration rolls down their foreheads in such streams as to completely deprive them of sight for a time.

As the temperature decreases the contents of the crucible gradually grow thicker and thicker—at first like treacle, then almost of the consistency of dough—the stirring at last being, of course, excessively difficult.

During the whole operation, which lasts on an average from 10 to 15 hours, the stirring of specimens for air bells has to go on as before, and if by chance any are found the stirring has to be stopped and the whole boiling process begun over again.

When, however, the stirring is considered to have been continued long enough, the crucible is allowed to cool very rapidly for about five or six hours, until the surface of the contents, being lightly rapped with a piece of iron, gives forth a metallic ring. Were the cooling to be continued as rapidly as it had begun, the glass would be so brittle that at the slightest shock it would fly into 10,000 morsels. The crucible is now, therefore, completely valled up and is not allowed to grow cold for at least a fortnight and sometimes, when large lenses are in question, for six weeks or more.

At last the oven is opened and the glass is found lying within the crucible in lumps of varying size.

It is very seldom that more than half of each of the blocks of glass taken from the crucibles is free from filaments. The threadly parts are cut, clipped or ground away and the remaining lumps of pure glass placed in clay molds and put in ovens, the temperature of which is raised to what is comparatively nothing (for glass)—viz, about 1,500 degrees F. The heat, in fact, must be sufficient to soften the glass and make it take the form of the mold. Should it be raised beyond a certain point, so that the glass becomes fluid once more and boils all is lost.

After it has been molded and cooled, with the same precautions as were adopted in the first instance for the crucible, the lens is roughly polished on the edges, examined with greater care than ever, and it found free from flaws, is finally handed over to the optician to be polished and made ready for the telescope.

A large lens, it will be clear from what precedes, can only be made from a large block of pure glass, and it is not every day that large enough blocks can be obtained. Lenses, for instance, of a diameter of 49 inches weigh in crown glass and cost \$15,000.—Pearson's Magazine.

Philosopher.

"You look happy this morning."

"I am. One of my teeth started aching horribly last night and kept up all night."

"Do you mean to say that makes you happy?"

"It makes me happy to think it doesn't ache me now."—Exchange.

If a woman is a good cook, she owes the world no apology if she does not show off well in society.—Aitchison Globe.

It is a wise man that knows his own frolic when it is fixed up for an afternoon tea.—Indianapolis Journal.

Two Sizes
JOHNSON'S
Anodyne Liniment
Has been the most successful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains for 20 years.
Solely Prepared by
J. C. Johnson & Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

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FRANK JONES BREWING CO.

OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling beer.

-OLD INDIA-

-PALE ALE-

Directions:—One small glass full from

ices a day, before eating and going

to bed.

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice

crisp taste, and is prescribed by the doctors

generally as a sedative for nervous people.

Many people who are excited find that a glass

before at night secures them a continuing and

refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and it

is a food as well as a medicine. It is not

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Sprckets always
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Road Racer, \$50;
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now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS

The hardy gurdies are going toward the beach.

Livery stable keepers report business to be very good.

Study the new time tables and make sure of your train.

The train service between this city and Boston is now superb.

The new arrangement of trains will be found on page five of the Herald.

The Shoale steamer Viking made her first regular trips to the islands today.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's) No. 1 Congress street.

The change of time has made a busy place of the Boston and Maine passenger station.

The gasoline launch, owned by Capt. Horatio W. Trefethen of Kittery, is being fitted up.

Twenty five Portsmouth people took dinner at the Hotel Leona, Hampton Beach, on Sunday.

The first sweet peas of the season made their appearance in the garden of Mrs. Blake Saturday.

The school boy has had his hair clipped short and is now ready for a daily visit to the swimming hole.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

The new fire alarm tapper has been placed in position at the West end engine house by Supt. W. H. Ballard.

The mechanical figure, advertising soda in the window of Grace's drug store attracts considerable attention.

The old dispensary building at the navy yard, recently sold at auction, will not be torn down for two months yet.

The Claremont delegation of the Ancient Order of Hibernians arrived in this city Monday afternoon to attend the state convention.

Picnic parties bound for St. Aspinquid park, York Beach, will find all necessary articles required on such outings at the park cafe.

The steamer E. P. Dickson's boilers and engine are being put in repair at Fernald's wharf by Clarence Paul foreman machinist at the Jones brewery.

The parish Sunday school picnic of the Middle street Baptist church, which was to have been held on Wednesday of this week at Jenness beach, is indefinitely postponed on account of the death of Mrs. William Conn.

The Knights Templar and their ladies arrived home from Hampton Beach, at eight o'clock, on Monday evening, on special trolley cars. They repaired to the asylum, where a collation was served. Lurvey's band did not come back with the party, but waited at Hampton for the early evening train for Boston and went home to Lynn on it.

CARD OF THANKS.

We, the undersigned, take this method of expressing our sincere thanks for the beautiful flowers received from Kearse engine, No. 3, Leslie Norman, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Gardner, Mrs. George Adams, Mrs. John Hanscom, Mrs. Frank Horton, Mrs. Eliza McCombs, Mrs. Andrew Garland, Miss Mary Lynch, Master John Lambert and to all others who kindly assisted in any way during the sickness of our father.

MARY ANN LYNCH.
JOHN LYNCH.
DENNIS LYNCH.
THOMAS LYNCH.

NAMES FOR NEW SHIPS.

The secretary of the navy has authorized the following names for the new battleships, armored and protected cruisers:

Battleships—Virginia, Rhode Island. Armored cruisers—Maryland, Colorado and South Dakota.

Protected cruisers—St. Louis, Milwaukee and Charleston.

MADE THE CROWD SCATTER.

A horse driven by Charles Lewis of Kittery suddenly became froaky on the square, Monday evening, and his lively prancings made the crowd around the fakir's cart fly to the four points of the compass. No damage was done, but the restive animal had things to himself for a few minutes.

GONE INTO CAMP.

The Boys' brigade of the Y. M. C. A. went into camp at Wallis sands on Monday. Commander Robison was in charge. The boys rode as far as Lang's corner on a special trolley car and marched from there to the camping ground.

No one would ever be bothered with constipation if everyone knew how naturally and quickly Haddock Blood Purifiers regulate the stomach and bowels.

HIBERNIANS IN CONVENTION

Convention Opened in Philbrick Hall, at 11 O'clock Today.

One Hundred and Ten Delegates From All Over the State.

Grand Banquet in Rechabite Hall, At One O'clock This Afternoon.

The first annual state convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to be held in this city was opened in Philbrick hall on Congress street at eleven o'clock this forenoon. The convention is under the auspices of division No. 2 of this city, and when the exercises opened one hundred and ten delegates, representing all the divisions in the state, were reported present.

The meeting in Philbrick hall was opened by the Rev. Father Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, of this city, who officiated in the absence of the state chaplain, the Rev. Father John Lyons, of Manchester, who was unable to be present.

After the committee on credentials had been appointed and other routine business had been transacted, the election of officers took place, as follows:

State President, J. J. Griffin, Manchester.

State Secretary, Charles J. O'Neil, North Walpole.

State Treasurer, Andrew J. Killoren, Dover.

Manchester sent the largest delegation, the following from the divisions in that city being present:

Division 1—President, Hugh McDonough; vice president, Patrick Lehan; treasurer, M. F. Sullivan; financial secretary, James R. Sullivan; recording secretary, Dennis Murphy.

Division 2—President, Martin J. Dillon; vice president, Patrick Costello; financial secretary, Dennis M. Fleming; recording secretary, Dennis J. Sullivan; treasurer, Patrick Costello.

Division 7—President, John B. Cavanaugh; vice president, J. R. Hickey; recording secretary, William Murphy; financial secretary, Richard McIntyre; treasurer, P. A. Devine.

The committee of arrangements is as follows: Edward Quirk, John Leary, Thomas Laughlin, Patrick Connors, Dennis Lehey, Patrick Flannagan, John Sanford, William Casey, James Driscoll, Richard Fallon.

A grand banquet was served in Rechabite hall at one o'clock this afternoon, the following being the menu:

This evening there will be a ball in Philbrick hall and the delegates will remain in the city over night. Beautiful weather favors the convention and the visitors are thoroughly enjoying themselves. This afternoon, after the banquet, many points of interest about the city were visited.

CAUGHT FROM AN ENGINE

The barn owned by August Hett, and situated close to the tracks of the Boston and Maine railroad yard, caught fire from the engine attached to the 3.25 o'clock train for Manchester, as it was pulling out over the Concord branch, Monday afternoon. The blaze was spied by Fred Warden, the switchman, whose station is near by, and soon the shifting crew had a hose upon it. The damage is insignificant.

SEVERED AN ARTERY.

Roy Fuller of Kittery Point, who is employed in the cafe at the Boston and Maine railroad station in this city, met with a very painful mishap on Monday forenoon. While he was tending the soda fountain and trying to keep up with the rush of custom following the arrival of the eleven o'clock train, his hand came into sharp contact with a broken glass. A vein was severed and Dr. Junkins, the physician sought, had to dress a gash about an inch long.

WILL GIVE A ROSE TEA.

This afternoon, a rose tea will be given by the women of the Unitarian society at the Home for Aged Women, for the benefit of that institution. No admission fee is to be demanded. The managers of the affair are: Mrs. John G. Tobey and Mrs. Andrew P. Preston, assisted by Miss Florence Marshall and Miss Shores.

STEAMER E. P. DICKSON SOLD.

The old Wentworth house steamer E. P. Dickson has been sold to parties at Gloucester, Mass., for use as a yacht club tender. She will be in command of Walter Kennard of this city, and R. E. Hanson will be her engineer. She is being overhauled at Kittery preparatory to leaving for her new port.

PERSONALS

H. C. Hewitt is in Boston today on business.

W. E. Drake is at Raymond today on business.

H. P. Montgomery went to Concord this morning.

Hon. Frank Jones went to Sorrento on Monday evening.

Jessie Varrell of Marcy street is visiting relatives in Boston.

C. H. Robinson of Portland, Me., was in town on Monday.

Hon. Frank Jones and family leave on Friday for Sorrento, Maine.

Hon. J. Albert Walker and family have arrived at the Wentworth.

Guy E. Corey entered the employ of the Hotel Wentworth on Monday.

Frank Willey, a former Portsmouth boy, is passing a few days in town.

Mrs. and Mrs. Howard N. Haskell have returned from their wedding trip.

Miss Lita Eckman of Boston is visiting Miss Blanche Rand of Miller avenue.

Ethel Odierne who has been passing a few days at York Beach, has returned home.

Charles L. Downing has been appointed night operator at the station in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Kane arrived home from their wedding tour on Monday evening.

George Tracy of Brighton, Mass., is passing a few weeks in this city, the guest of friends.

Mrs. G. B. Chadwick who has been quite ill at her home on Rogers street, is able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Wendell of Pleasant street are the guests of Mrs. C. J. Edwards at Brooklyn.

Mrs. Thomas Whiteside was called to Concord Monday afternoon by the serious illness of her mother.

Miss Ethel S. Lockhart, a student at Tilton seminary, has arrived home to pass her summer vacation.

Mrs. Daniel Hayes of Brockton, Mass., formerly of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Mooney.

Miss Mabel Newton is passing the week in Salem, Mass., as the guest of Deputy Sheriff and Mrs. Copp.

William Gallagher, clerk at the Franklin house, Hampton Beach, was in this city on Monday evening.

Charles H. Hill, representing the Keystone Type foundry, Philadelphia, Penn., was in town today on business.

Paymaster General and Mrs. Edwin S. Stewart will arrive here next week and pass the summer at Kittery Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Freeman and little son, Harry, who have been passing a few weeks in Ipswich, have returned home.

Albert W. Parsons, an old Portsmouth resident, died at the Cottage hospital on Monday, aged sixty-eight years.

Mrs. Charles Shedd left this morning for Hillsboro, to attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. William Conn, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Hovey of Lowell, Mass., is the guest of her son, Rev. Henry E. Hovey, at the Episcopal rectory on State street.

Mrs. E. L. Brooks and daughter, Blanche, of San Francisco, are the guests of her brother, Stacy G. Moran, of Deer street.

Miss Jennie W. Perkins of Jefferson street has gone to Chicopee, Mass., to visit her friend, Miss Alice Blaisdell, for several weeks.

The many friends of Col. Aaron Young will be pleased to learn that he is able to be out, after being confined to his home for many months.

William Haddock of Dorchester, Mass., is passing a few days in this city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Freeman, Islington street.

Dr. A. C. Leach of Orange, Mass., passed Sunday and Monday in town the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Leach, Marcy street.

Mrs. Mary Averitt, formerly teacher at the High school, and young son, Marshall, left on Monday for New York where they will pass the summer.

Frank W. Teague of Worcester, Mass., formerly secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in this city is the guest of his father, Mr. George Teague, for a few days.

Chief Engineer George W. Ransom, U. S. N., who relieves Chief Harris at the navy yard, is no stranger at this station and has many warm friends here.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, June 26—Tug Lehigh, Portland, towing barge Bath for North Amboy; tug Lykens, Boston for Philadelphia; tug Piscataqua, Boston, towing barges Berwick, Ehot and P. N. Co. No. 10; barge Kolon, South Amboy, coal for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

Sailed, June 26—Tug Piscataqua towing barges Exeter, P. N. Co. No. 9 for Boston; schooner George P. Davenport, Newport News; barge Blackbird, Perth Amboy.

POLICE COURT.

Willie Moulton Held for Sentence and Miss Maud Benson Fined.

Willie Moulton, the incorrigible, was arraigned before Judge Emery in police court at ten o'clock this morning and was charged with breaking and entering the night lunch cart of Roy Carrier on April 3, last, and stealing one piece of pie valued at 5 cents and a frankfurter, valued at five cents. He admitted that he stole the pie, but said he did not take the "dog." The court entered a plea of not guilty and examined Mr. Carrier, Marshal Entwistle and Assistant Marshal West.

The marshal stated to the court that it was a peculiar case. The parents of the boy apparently have no interest in him and it was necessary that something be done for the boy's own benefit. He is rather a bright boy, although there is something lacking in his make-up. The something seems to be moral irresponsibility.

The court found the boy guilty and continued the case until Wednesday at ten o'clock that his parents might have an opportunity to be present, when sentence was imposed. Bail in the sum of \$100 was ordered and the boy is detained at the station.

At a private session of court in the office of Judge Emery, Miss Maud Benson was arraigned and found guilty of keeping an unlicensed dog. A fine of \$15 and costs were imposed. The fine was paid.

THANK OFFERING.

Event That Was Profitable and Full of Interest Monday Evening.

The "Twentieth Century Thank Offering" meeting held in the Methodist vestry Monday evening, by the Woman's Foreign Missionary society, was well attended and full of interest. The following program was carried out, to the profit of all present:

Singing, "Oh, Labor Faithfully." Pastor
Prayer.
Roll call.
Singing, "Lead a Hand."
Paper, "The twentieth century thank offering in relation to the Woman's Foreign Missionary society." Mrs. Farmer
Song, "Come with Rejoicing." Quartette
Paper, "What the New Hampshire conference has pledged." Miss Hickey
Reading, "A letter from China." Mrs. Chadwick

Offering.
Singing.
Chocolate and cake was served during the evening and an informal social hour was enjoyed after the entertainment.

PORTSMOUTH GUN CLUB.

The Portsmouth Gun club has elected the following officers, by unanimous vote:

President, William E. Storer; first vice president, Herbert E. Philbrick; second vice, Leonard Drew; third vice, Albert White; secretary and treasurer, William I. Philbrick; directors, H. E. Philbrick, A. W. Frizzell, C. F. Manson, C. B. Hoyt; field captain, E. P. Marvin; steward, C. E. Dennett; finance, C. E. Bailey, A. W. Frizzell.

It has been decided to hold a shoot on the Fourth of July, and invite the Exeter and Dover clubs with sportsmen from Kittery, York and elsewhere. Lunch will be served on the grounds.

FOOLED WITH A PISTOL.

John Burke, thirteen years old, of No. 13 Jefferson street, shot himself quite severely on Monday evening, while fooling with an old revolver. One of the cartridges went into his leg, gouging the bone for quite a distance. He was attended at his home by City Physician Pender.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

The funeral of Albert W. Parsons will be held at the Methodist church at two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Relatives and friends are invited to attend.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Joanna J. Conn.

A life of usefulness, benevolence and meritorious accomplishment, marked by no duty left unperformed, closed with the decease of Mrs. Joanna J. Conn at her old home in Hillsborough on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Conn was the widow of Hon. William Conn, and was seventy-three years of age, though active in church and social matters to the verge of her departure to a haven of rest and perfect peace. The grief stricken relatives so suddenly deprived of a loved and devoted associate and counsellor have the deep seated sympathy of a host of friends who knew and appreciated her wealth of pure affection, her gentleness of heart, sweetness of disposition and loveliness of character. Unconsciously she bore her own troubles, and with rare delight administered to the comfort of others, knowing no more welcome task than that of doing good for the sake of doing it. That was ample compensation for her efforts.

Mrs. Conn was the personification of self abnegation. The pastor and members of the Middle street Baptist society, with whom she has so effectively and earnestly co-operated, cherish the fragrant memory of an associate whom to know was to esteem, to meet was a pleasure, and to part with was a sorrow. Recollections of the days her presence sweetened will bear evidence of a life so nearly perfect as to be a stimulant to emulation in the cause they unitedly give their time and attention to—that of doing good.

Words fail to express the feeling of irreparable loss that has come to the only daughter, Mrs. Lewis E. Staples, who has seconded her mother in most commendable efforts that have rounded out a life signally successful in its chosen nobility of purpose.

The funeral services will take place at Hillsborough on Wednesday.

Albert W. Parsons.

Albert W. Parsons died at the Cottage hospital on Monday morning, the 25th inst., after a long illness from cancer, aged sixty-eight years. Mr. Parsons was born in Portsmouth and has passed the greater part of his life in this city, excepting the past year, when he lived in Roxbury, Mass. He had been an inmate of the Cottage hospital for the past four weeks, with no hopes of recovery.

He was a member of New Hampshire lodge, No. 17, I. O. O. F., of this city, and of Union Rebekah lodge. Besides his wife, he is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Frank Junkins; one sister, Mrs. Albert Fernald of Rockland, Me., and two brothers, Joseph Parsons of Salem, Mass., and Henry Parsons of Roxbury, Mass.

The funeral will be held from the Methodist church.

Isaiah W. Tuttle.

Isaiah W. Tuttle, a prominent resident of Stratham, died at his home on Rocky Lane, Sunday morning, as the result of internal injuries received in a fall from his carriage Saturday afternoon. In dismounting from his wagon after a ride, his foot slipped and he fell upon the wheel, striking heavily upon his abdomen. Medical assistance was speedily summoned from Exeter, but little could be done for the man, and he suffered excruciating pain until he was relieved by death, eighteen hours after the accident.

Mr. Tuttle was born in Stratham nearly 73 years ago, the son of Thomas and Mary Tuttle, the latter being the well-known centenarian of that town who died about a year since. He was a carpenter by trade. There survives him a widow and five sons, George, Walter, Charles, William and Frank.

The annual summer meeting of the Pascataqua Congregational club will be held at the Farragut house, Rye beach, next Tuesday. The principal address will be delivered by Rev. William Bartlett of Lowell, Mass.

WORMS

Hundreds of children and adults have worms but are treated for other diseases. These worms are—indigestion, with a variable appetite, foul tongue, offensive breath, hard and full belly with occasional griping and pain about the navel, heat and itching sensation in the rectum and about the anus, after heavy and dull itching of the nose, short, dry cough, grinding of the teeth, starting during sleep, slow fever, and often in children, convulsions.

**TRUE'S
PIN WORM
ELIXIR**

is the best worm remedy made. It has been in use since 1841, and is a harmless and effective. Where so worms are present it acts as a tonic, full belly with occasional griping and pain about the navel, heat and itching sensation in the rectum and about the anus, after heavy and dull itching of the nose, short, dry cough, grinding of the teeth, starting during sleep, slow fever, and often in children, convulsions.

Special treatment for Tapeworms. Write for free pamphlet.



THE WORK OF THE NEEDLE

in the hands of one skilled in its use something good to see. That is why the garments tailored here are so pleasing.

STYLE, FIT AND FINISH

show the touch of the expert. And there's no better goods anywhere than those we present for inspection. Oxfords, cashmores, worsteds and tweeds—solid colors, stripes, plaids and checks in refined and pleasing designs.

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You Know That
TAYLOR,
THE CONFECTIONER.

Makes His Own High Grade
CANDIES.

He Uses The Finest Grades Of
Sugar And Other Ingredients.

Trade At
TAYLOR'S
1 Congress Street, Near High.

Old Furniture
Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

R. H. HALL

Hanover Street Near Market.

We Are Now Receiving Two Cargos of
PORTLAND CEMENT

AND THE
HOFFMAN CEMENT

The only lot of fresh cement in the city. We have the largest stock and constant shipments ensure the newest cements.

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